

# The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

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"Cursing, said, for the most part. His men are frightened. He wanted them to try once more with the talismans that shoot poison, but they refused. He could not come alone, for he could not use his right hand, and he was wounded by the blowing up of the rock. You nearly killed me, too, said. I was there with the banner-born whelps. By the prophet's beard, it was a fine stroke."

"Are they going away, then?" "No, said. The dogs have been whipped so sore that they snarl for revenge. They say there is no use in firing at you, but they are resolved to kill you and the miss said or carry her off if she escapes the assault."

"What assault?" "Protector of the poor, they are building scaling ladders—four in all. Soon after dawn they intend to rush your position. You may slay some, they say, but you cannot slay three. Taung S'All has promised gold to every man who survives if they succeed. They have pulled down your signal on the high rocks and are using the poles for the ladders. They think you have a charm, said, and they want to use your own work against you."

This was serious news. A combined attack might indeed be dangerous, though it had the excellent feature that if it failed the Dyaks would certainly leave the island. But his sky sign destroyed! That was bad. Had a vessel chanced to pass the evening letters would surely have attracted attention. Kow even that faint hope was dispelled.

"Sahib, there is a worse thing to tell," said Mir Jan.

"Say on, then." "Before they place the ladders against the cliff they will build a fire of green wood so that the smoke will be blown by the wind into your eyes. This will help to blind your aim. Otherwise you never miss."

"That will assuredly be awkward, Mir Jan."

"It will, said. Son of my father, if we had but half a troop with us!" "But they had not, and they were both so intent on the conversation that they were momentarily out of their guard. I was more watchful. She fancied there was a light rustling amid the undergrowth beneath the trees on the right. And she could hear, too, if that were the correct thing to do."

So she listened.

Jenks swarmed halfway up the ladder.

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Mir Jan was startled.

"Where the ghost is, said?" he said.

"Ghost! That is a tale for children. There is no ghost, only a few bones of a man murdered by these scoundrels long ago. Have you any food?"

"Some rice, said; sufficient for a day or two at a pinch."

"Good! We will get water from the well. When the fighting begins at dawn fire at every man you see from the back of the cave. On no account come out. Then they can never reach you if you keep a full magazine. Wait here."

"I thought you were never coming," protested Iris when Jenks reached the ledge. "I have been quite creepy. I am sure there is some one down there. And, please, may I have another drink?"

The sailor had left the crowbar and a dozen packets of cartridges, meanwhile briefly explaining to Iris the turn taken by events so far as Mir Jan was concerned. She was naturally delighted and forgot her fears in the excitement caused by the appearance of so useful an ally. She drank his health in a brimming beaker of water.

She heard her lover rejoin Mir Jan and saw the two step out into the moonlight, while Jenks explained the action of the rifle. Fortunately Iris was now much recovered from the fatigue and privation of the earlier hours. Her senses were sharpened to a pitch little dreamed of by stay-at-home young ladies of her age, and she deemed it her province to act as sentry while the two men conferred. Hence she was the first to detect, or rather, to become conscious of, the stealthy crawl of several Dyaks along the bottom of the cliff from Turtle beach.

"Robert!" she screamed. "The Dyaks! On your left!"

But Iris was rapidly gaining some knowledge of strategy. Before she shrieked her warning she glimpsed a rifle. Holding it at the "ready"—about the level of her waist—and depressing the muzzle sufficiently, she began firing down the side of the rock as fast as she could handle lever and trigger. Two of the nickel bullets struck a projection and splashed the leading savages with molten metal.

Unfortunately Jenks' rifle beneath was unloaded, being in Mir Jan's possession for purposes of instruction. Jenks whipped out his revolver.

"To the cave!" he roared, and Mir Jan's unwillingness to face a goblin could not withstand the combined impetus of the said order and the onward rush of the enemy. He darted headlong for the entrance.

Jenks, shooting blindly as he, too, ran for the ladder, emptied the revolver just as his left hand clutched a rung. Three Dyaks were so close that it would be folly to attempt to climb. He threw the weapon into the face of the foremost man, effectually stopping his onward progress.

The sailor turned to dive into the cave and secure the rifle from Mir Jan.

"No need, I trust."

He went to the side of the ledge, recovered the ladder which he had hastily hauled out of the Dyaks' reach after his climb, and cried:

"Mir Jan."

"Ah, said! Praised be the name of the Most High, you are alive. I was searching among the slain with a sorrowful heart."

The Mohammedan's voice came from some little distance on the left.

"The slain, you say. How many?"

"Five, said."

"Impossible! I fired blindly with the revolver and only hit one man hard with the iron bar. One other dropped near the wood after I obtained a rifle."

"Then there be six, said, not reckoning the wounded. I have accounted for one, so the miss said must have."

"What is he saying about me?" inquired Iris, who had risen and joined her lover.

"He says you absolutely staggered the Dyaks by opening fire the moment they appeared."

"How did you come to slay one, Mir Jan?" he continued.

"A son of a black pig followed me into the cave. I waited for him in the darkness. I have just thrown his body outside."

"Well done! Is Taung S'All dead by any lucky chance?"

"No, said, if he be not the sixth. I will go and see."

"You may be attacked."

"I have found a sword, said. You left me no cartridges."

Jenks told him that the clip and the twelve packets were lying at the foot of the rock, where Mir Jan speedily discovered them. The Mohammedan gave satisfactory assurance that he understood the mechanism of the rifle by filling and adjusting the magazine. Then he went to examine the corpse of the man who lay in the open near the quarry path.

The sailor stood in instant readiness to make a counter demonstration were the native assailed. But there was no sign of the Dyaks. Mir Jan returned

Jan, when his shirt caught the heavy crowbar resting against the rock. The pain of the blow lent emphasis to the swing with which the implement descended upon some portion of a Dyak anatomy. Jenks never knew where he hit the second assailant, but the place cracked like an eggshell.

He had not time to recover the bar for another blow, as he drove the point in the gullet of a gentleman who was



He drove the point in the gullet.

about to make a vicious sweep at him with a parang. The downfall of this worthy caused his immediate successor to stumble, and Jenks saw his opportunity. With the agility of a cat he jumped up the ladder and reached the ledge without injury.

These things happened with the speed of thought. Within forty seconds of Iris' shrill cry the sailor was breast high with the ledge and calling to her:

"All right, old girl! Keep it up!"

But here he was close to her, unharmed and calmly jubilant, as was his way when a stiff fight went well. He was by her side now, firing and aiming, too, for the Dyaks broke cover recklessly in running for shelter, and one may do fair work by moonlight.

She had strength enough left to place the rifle out of harm's way before she broke down and sobbed not tearfully, but in a paroxysm of reaction. Soon all was quiet beneath save for the labored efforts of some wounded men to get far away from that accursed rock. Jenks was able to turn to Iris. He endeavored to allay her agitation and succeeded somewhat, for tears came, and she clung to him. It was useless to reproach him. The whole incident was unforeseen. She was herself a party to it. But what an escape!

"You have been a very good little girl and have earned your supper," he said.

"Oh, how can you talk so calmly after such an awful experience?" she expostulated brokenly.

"It is a small thing to trouble about the burning and itching my hands were so disgustingly unsightly that I had to wear gloves when on duty and now I am absolutely cured and free from it all. Your D. D. D. worked a miracle in my case. I used everything recommended and tried doctors innumerable without getting any relief. It will always be a pleasure for me to tell other sufferers of the wonderful work of your remedy."

Yours truly, EDW. E. CAIN.

(Passenger Conductor Galena Div. C. & N. W. Ry.) In service of this company 25 years.

After reading this letter can we say more to convince you? Yes, we can say that we will absolutely guarantee D. D. D. Prescription to cure you of any skin affection you may have, and to satisfy you of this we agree to refund you every cent you pay for D. D. D. if you are not cured.

Go today—now, and not spend but invest \$1.00 in a bottle of D. D. D. It will be \$1.00 invested in clean happiness.

FOR SALE BY W. B. McPHERSON.

with the news that the sixth victim of the brief yet fierce encounter was a renegade Malay. He was so confident that the enemy had enough of it for the night that, after recovering Jenks' revolver, he boldly went to the well and drew himself a supply of water.

During supper Jenks told Iris so much of the story as was good for her—that is to say, he cut down the casualty list.

It was easy to see what had happened. The Dyaks, having missed the Mohammedan and their water bag, searched for him and heard the conversation at the foot of the rock. Knowing that their presence was suspected, they went back for reinforcements and returned by the shorter and more advantageous route along Turtle beach.

Iris would have talked all night, but Jenks made her go to sleep by pillowing her head against his shoulder and smoothing her tangled tresses with his hand.

He managed to lay her on a comfortable pile of ragged clothing and then resumed his vigil. Mir Jan offered to mount guard beneath, but Jenks bade him go within the cave and remain there, for the dawn would soon be upon them.

Left alone with his thoughts, he wondered what the rising sun would bring in its train. He reviewed the events of the last twenty-four hours. Iris and he—Miss Deane, Mr. Jenks, to each other—were then undiscovered in their refuge, the Dyaks were gathered around a roaring fire in the valley, and Mir Jan was in the hut as the keenest among them. Now Iris was his affianced bride, over twenty of the enemy were killed and many wounded, and Mir Jan, a devoted adherent, was seated beside the skeleton in the gloom of the cavern.

(To Be Continued.)

## CHRONIC SORES

Wheeling, W. Va., May 25, 1903.

Some years ago while at work, I fell over a truck and severely injured both of my shins. My blood became poisoned as a result, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were healed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated, nor have the sores ever broke out again. Some 12 years have elapsed since what I have described occurred. Having been so signally benefited by its use I can heartily recommend it as the one great blood purifier.

JOHN W. FUNDIS.

Care Schmulback Brewing Co.

Chronic sores start often from a pimple, scratch, bruise or boil, and while salves, washes and powders are beneficial, the unhealthy matter in the blood must be driven out or the sore will continue to eat and spread. S. S. S. reaches these old sores through the blood, removes all impurities and poisons, builds up the entire system and strengthens the circulation. S. S. S. is a blood purifier and tonic combined. Contains no mineral whatever but is guaranteed purely vegetable. If you have an old sore write us and our physicians will advise without charge. Book on diseases of the blood free.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

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Cured by D. D. D. Prescription

Here is Mr. Cain's Own Statement.

West Chicago, Ill., Nov. 5, '04.

D. D. D. Company:

Gentlemen: I had suffered horribly for nearly ten years from Salt Rheum and Tetter of the hands and feet; have been nearly crazy with the burning and itching; my hands were so disgustingly unsightly that I had to wear gloves when on duty and now I am absolutely cured and free from it all. Your D. D. D. worked a miracle in my case. I used everything recommended and tried doctors innumerable without getting any relief. It will always be a pleasure for me to tell other sufferers of the wonderful work of your remedy."

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(To Be Continued.)

## SMITHLAND NOTES.

(Livingston Democrat.)

The ministers and members' meeting of Ohio River Association will meet with Old Salem church in this county on the fifth Sunday in this month. This will be a centennial meeting, as Old Salem church is one hundred years old this year, and is the oldest Baptist church in the association. The people of the Old Salem community are making preparations to entertain the meeting in royal style.

Mr. R. D. Lucas, who has been on the steamer Kentucky on the Tennessee river since January, as cub pilot, returned to his home near Haydock's Ferry, last Saturday, and will engage in farming this season. The department has issued an order that requires a cub to serve three years before he can obtain pilot's license, and Dick says that is too long for him to work without pay.

Mrs. Gilbert Presnell, of Paducah, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cowper, of Upper Court street, of this place.

Mrs. J. M. Worten, of Paducah, came yesterday to attend the funeral of the child of her brother, D. S. Webb, and returned home today.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup.

Immediately relieves hoarse, croupy cough, oppressed, rattling, rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, Druggist Shullsburg, Wis., writes, May 20, 1901: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years, and have never had a preparation that has given better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle they come back for more. I can honestly recommend it." 25c, 50c, \$1.

Sold by DuBois, Kolb & Co., Paducah, Ky.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL EXCURSION BULLETIN.

Spokane, Wash., \$32.80.

Portland, Ore., \$35.80 and other Western points in proportion, one-way second-class daily until May 15.

California Points—One-way second class daily until May 15th, \$33.00.

Helena, Mont., \$31.30.

Baton Rouge, La.—Round trip, \$16.25, April 26th, and 27th, good returning until April 30th, account Good Roads Convention.

Lexington, Ky.—Round trip \$12.15 May 2nd and 3rd, good returning until May 10th, and on May 4th to 9th, inclusive, good returning three days after date of sale, account Spring Races.

Denver, Colo.—Round trip, \$31.80, May 7th, 8th and 9th, good returning until May 31st, account Stock Growers' Convention.

Kansas City.—Round trip \$13.30, May 7th to 11th, inclusive, good returning until May 23rd, account Southern Baptist Convention.

Louisville, Ky.—Round trip \$8.95, May 9th and 10th, good returning until May 29th, and May 10th to 27th inclusive, good returning three days from date of sale, account Spring Meeting of New Louisville Jockey Club.

St. Louis, Mo.—Round trip \$5.60, May 13th to 22nd, inclusive, good returning until May 24th, account National Baptist Anniversary.

Memphis, Tenn.—Round trip \$5.25 May 15th, and morning train of May 16th, good returning May 17th, account Unwilling Forest Monument.

St. Louis, Mo.—Round trip \$2.00, May 6th, good going only on special train, leaving Paducah Union Depot 7 a. m., and returning on all regular trains on Sunday, May 7th, and special train leaving St. Louis Union Depot 11:30 p. m. May 7th. For further particulars apply to.

J. T. DONOVAN, Agent, Paducah, Ky.

G. C. WARFIELD, Ticket Agt., Union Depot.

ADDRESSED UNIONS.

Louisville Man Spoke Here Last Night.

Lem Husted, of Louisville, national organizer for the bartenders' union, was in the city last night and addressed Central Labor union at its regular meeting.

A committee was appointed last night at the instance of the ship carpenters and caulkers' union to take up with the legislative boards the alleged interference of the coal combine's docks with work on the marine ways.

The matter was taken up by the aldermen voluntarily last night, however, and will be fully investigated.

A Dandy for Burns.

Dr. Bergin, Pana, Ill., writes: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment; always recommended it to my friends as I am confident there is no better made. 'It is a dandy for burns.' Those who live on farms are especially liable to many accidental cuts, burns, bruises, which heal rapidly when Ballard's Snow Liniment is applied. It should always be kept in the house for cases of emergency." 25c, 50c, \$1 bottle.

Sold by DuBois, Kolb & Co., Paducah, Ky.

Subscribe for The Sun.

## ANCHOR ROOFING AND PAVING CO.

HARRY D. BALDWIN, Manager.

CONTRACTORS for concrete and cement construction, granitoid and artificial stone sidewalks, cement floors, etc. Estimates cheerfully given on private walks, steps, coping, etc., etc.

OFFICE, 101 BROADWAY, PADUCAH, KY.

## Electric Chandeliers

Electric Chandeliers and fixtures; large display. Call and see our new display room.]

## Foreman Bros. Novelty Co.

122-124 Broadway